

Potash and Perlmutter.

Time in History Is a Mere Trifle When Compared With the Payment of Composition Notes From Bankrupt Debtors.

And Mr. Kipling Should Have Kept in Mind the Sale of His Story Books on This Side When He Scored America.

By Montague Glass.

"WELL, Mawruss, I seen Julius Lickman of Lickman & Shift, Incorporated, at lunch to-day," Abe Potash remarked to his partner, Morris Perlmutter, one afternoon last week. "He's just got back from the other side, Mawruss, and after he finished telling me how what I was eating would cost two cents and a quarter in Berlin, with a quart of Moselle Blumchen, 1910, thrown in, y'understand, he begun to take a very gloomy view of the future over in Europe."

HISTORY, ASTRONOMY, KIPLING AND OTHERS

"THREE minutes is quite a long wait in the history of soup, whereas three hundred years goes like nothing in the history of a country."

"One of the nearest stars is 1,365,579,763,221 miles away, and if it was to be blown out to-morrow, for example, it takes light so long to travel that distance that they wouldn't know about it on the forty-fifth floor of the Woolworth Building until Jan. 30, A.D. 9645."

"The fact is that since the war a whole lot of people ain't content to occupy their minds only with what is going on in the year 1922. They are getting

to worry about happenings in the future and the past, here, there and everywhere."

"He had to come out to our house for dinner on account of his wife was so worked up over the way Rudyard Kipling roasted America that she didn't get around to thinking about his dinner till the delicatessen stores were closed."

"As I understand the matter, the first thing an English Prime Minister thinks about when he expects to do something in his private life which would ruin his public career, is to ring up Mrs. Asquith or Mrs. Sheridan and tell her the time and place and not to fall to show up with a stenographer and a camera."

"England," he says, "is going to pieces fast." He gives England three hundred years at the most, and it will be all over. Furthermore, he couldn't see where France could last much longer—say, two hundred years at the most. Other countries over there, he allows from a hundred to two hundred years apiece, and then he kicked up a terrible row with the water because he was kept waiting three minutes for his soup."

"I wonder he had the heart to eat soup with all them European countries going to pieces thick and fast around him," Morris Perlmutter said.

"Well, of course, three minutes is quite a long wait, in the history of soup, Mawruss, whereas 300 years goes like nothing in the history of a country," Abe said. "But at the same time, Mawruss, people like Julius Lickman is very poor judges in the matter of distance when it comes to the future and the past, y'understand."

"For instance, Julius could talk about England going to pieces in 300 years as if it was going to happen to-morrow already, whereas so far as talking about the time the Lickman & Shift Dry Goods Company went to pieces five years ago, and we still got some of the composition notes in the safe yet, understand me, such a thing might have happened so long ago that a student of history like Lickman wouldn't admit it was anything more than an unconfirmed rumor or the same as the Flood or the Emperor Nero fiddling while Rome was burning."

LICKMAN DOESN'T RELY ON BREAK-UP OF CIVILIZATION.

"But when a feller who thinks in centuries the way Lickman does, talks about something happening to England in three hundred years, Abe, he don't mean nothing by it, y'understand," Morris declared, "which I remember last year when they discovered a new star, Lickman told me all about it, y'understand, and the way he said it was one of the nearest stars. And what distance do you suppose is Lickman's idea of one of the nearest stars, Abe?"

"Several thousand miles at the least," Abe said.

"Yow! Several thousand!" Morris retorted. "It is 1,365,579,763,221 miles away, and if it was to be blown out to-morrow, it takes light so long to travel that distance that they wouldn't know about it on the forty-fifth floor of the Woolworth Building until Jan. 30, A.D. 9645."

"That's about when I figure Lickman will pay them composition notes, Mawruss," Abe observed, "and I think I'm an optimist at that."

"Well, that's what comes from dopping yourself with big figures the way Lickman does," Morris declared. "Why should Lickman bother his head to meet promissory notes when he figures that civilization would be breaking up fast a thousand years from now and that therefore it is all over but the shouting?"

"But Lickman didn't absolutely rely on that happening, Mawruss," Abe said. "He also took the precaution to incorporate before he started in business again, y'understand, because Judges and Justice has such a petty pique over outlook on things, y'understand me, that if Lickman had put in the Quick-Finish-of-Civilization as a defense to them notes without first incorporating his business as a stock corporation, Mawruss, we could have got a judgment against him and he would have gone to the wall 298 years and twelve months before he figures."

England is due to be wound up." MAYBE KIPLING SAID IT IN "CONFIDENCE."

"The fact is, Abe, that since the War, a whole lot of people ain't content to occupy their minds only with what is going on in the year 1922 at their places of business and their homes, y'understand," Morris said. "They are getting to worry about happenings in the future and the past, here, there and everywhere."

Take my wife's sister, Mrs. Daiches, for example, Abe—the one that used to be years President of the Borough Park Tuesday Morning Club—and when Mrs. Asquith was writing her remembrances in the papers, Abe, Joe Daiches lived on practically nothing but cold smoked tongue and potato salad on account Mrs. Daiches was too busy following up the way the English aristocracy neglected their families to cook for Joe once in a while a square meal."

"Then when Joe thought it was all over and he was beginning to get once in a while a fried round steak when Mrs. Daiches didn't have no women's club engagements," Morris continued, "along comes this Mrs. Sheridan with her remembrances and right away Joe goes on a delicatessen diet again. In fact, last week, Abe, he had to come over to our house for dinner on account Mrs. Daiches was so worked up over the way Rudyard Kipling roasted America for the way we acted in the World War, that she didn't get around to thinking about Joe's dinner till the delicatessen stores were closed."

"I think myself that Mr. Kipling went too far, Mawruss," Abe said. "Which, after all, Mawruss, when Mr. Kipling kicked to this Mrs. Sheridan—if he did kick to her—that America didn't go into the war as thoroughly as England and France, y'understand, he should ought to have figured that if we did do so, Mawruss, practically no Americans would have had the time to read Mr. Kipling's story books."

"Maybe Mr. Kipling don't care whether his story books sell in America or not, Abe," Morris said, "otherwise he wouldn't have passed such remarks to Mrs. Sheridan."

"Or maybe he passed such a remark to Mrs. Sheridan and said: 'Just between ourselves, Mrs. Sheridan, or something like that,' Morris continued."



"I WOULDN'T HAVE NERVE AND HONESTY ENOUGH TO SAY WHAT I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT COUNTRY," ABE DECLARED.

"Just between ourselves, Mrs. Sheridan, or something like that," Morris continued. THE PRIME MINISTER RINGS UP MRS. ASQUITH. "Say! Any public man in England who says something to Mrs. Sheridan or Mrs. Margot Asquith and tells her that it is 'just between ourselves,' is taking an awful chance, Mawruss," Abe remarked. "In fact it would be just as wise as for you and me to go over to Dun or Bradstreet and say: 'Just between ourselves, Mr. Bradstreet, I bought last week a twin six limousine with solid silver trimmings, and I don't want this to go no further, y'understand, but my partner had a wonderful time last night at a party, excepting he got a front

tooth knocked out from somebody jogging his elbow while he was drinking champagne wine out a chorus lady's slipper."

"It's remarkable to me, Abe, how all them lords and dukes has got such confidence in Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Asquith," Morris says. "As I understand the matter from reading a couple of newspapers that Mrs. Daiches left at the house with them two ladies' remembrances printed in them, the first thing an English Prime Minister thinks about when he expects to do something in his private life which would ruin his public career, is to ring up Mrs. Asquith or Mrs. Sheridan and tell her the time and place and not to fall to show up with a stenographer and a camera."

"Maybe such a Prime Minister does it because he has an idea that nobody in his right mind believes anything he reads in these here remembrances which the newspapers print," Abe suggested.

"Well, Mrs. Daiches believes them, Abe," Morris said, "and while I don't say that it's a symptom she's in her right mind, exactly, she paid a hundred dollars for a set of Kipling in 1917. Also the chances is that several thousand other American citizens did so in 1917 also."

"That only goes to show that Mr. Kipling is a whole lot better man than the average mercantile like you or me because if I sold a hundred thousand dollars worth of goods in a country, y'understand, I wouldn't have nerve and honesty enough to say what I thought about that country," Abe declared.

"But don't you think, Abe, that in view of what America did do during the war, if Mr. Kipling had kept to himself what he thought about this country, y'understand, it would have been a whole lot kinder," Morris suggested.

"Well, Abe concluded, "it would have been, anyhow, a whole lot wiser if he hadn't said it to somebody who everybody knows never repeats a word she hears to a living soul except the London Times, the Glasgow Herald and two hundred other newspapers in the United States of America."

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THE EVENING WORLD'S

KIDDIE KLUB KORNER

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

Around the World and What Alice Found



CHAPTER XXX. A BRIGHT sun lighted the good ship's path on the morning after the storm. "Run up the Jolly Roger," shouted the Captain in high spirits. "We're pirates again and out for hidden treasure."

"I'm not a pirate," Alice denied, "and neither is Jamie."

"I am too," Jamie was indignant. "I'm a pirate and determined to go home with pockets stuffed with gold."

"So am I, but I'm not going to steal mine," Alice snapped.

"Finders, keepers," Jamie reminded her.

"And an even split, no matter who the finder is," added the Pirate. "Share and share alike. That's what I say."

"So do I," Jamie agreed.

"There's a hearty lad," said the Skipper with true admiration, "and you'd do well, my lass, to be like him."

"I don't care what you say, we are

not real pirates," Alice held her point. "We're not after buried treasure."

"We are after gold and gold is buried," Jamie said.

"You are just trying not to understand me," Alice became impatient. "I mean that it is not any one's property."

"Not yet, but it will be ours soon, though," said Jamie optimistically. "For I see land ahead and we'll be ashore in less time than it takes to tell it."

But this was not so. The Pirate crossed Bristol Bay, sail over Naknek Lake and on to Savonoski before he dropped the anchor of the good ship Makbelieve and went ashore.

Hot springs, eaters and fumaroles are broken through the floor of the valley, which is buried under lava, sulphur and volcanic mud. The Pirate was bitterly disappointed.

"We can't find gold in this furnace," he grumbled.

"This is a beautiful country!" Jamie told the Skipper. "See, lovely clouds hang low over the valley."

"Clouds nothing," scoffed the Pirate. "Smoke is what that is; smoke from erupting volcanoes that likely us not will spit fire down on us the next minute."

"Really," Alice was frightened.

"Really," the pirate mocked. "Now what do you say about leaving here in search of a safer cove?"

"I want to stay," Alice decided.

"You would," roared the skipper in a rage, "you're that contrary. But you won't stay long. I promise you, for when our biscuit and bacon are gone, you'll find nothing in this land to eat." And he strode off in a rage.

The mention of biscuit and bacon made the children hungry and Jamie began unpacking his Roy Neat kit and the food they had brought. But there was not a stick or a twig in the valley. With the bacon already in the skillet, they could not kindle a fire to fry it over. Then all unex-

KIDDIE CONTRIBUTIONS

WESLEY BARRY'S LITTLE CHUNKS OF WISDOM.



GOSH, kids, never go back on your mother, when the green all leaves the grass and the sunshine sneaks behind a cloud that sends down pelted sheets of rain, when the whole world is wet for you, no matter how thick the tears fall about what you done, she'll stick to you, you bet you!

I went out, got into a fight, and gosh, yes—I went so far as to throw a stone at the feller and hit a plate glass window instead, and it cost my dad fifty dollars to square it. How he did rain the slipper down on the thin part of the seat of my pants—I thought he was never going to let up. Hard as it was to take my medicine, it was roth'n' to the way mother cried, because he hurt me so—anger is a bad thing if it ain't controlled.

P. S.—It's tougher on your mother than it is on you. I know it—Wes—

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB. CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Beginning with any number, fill out as of these coupons: 1,000, 1,010, 1,011, 1,012 and 1,013, and mail to: Kipling Klub, c/o The Evening World, 61 Park Row, New York City, with a note on which you must give your NAME, AGE and ADDRESS. Please be careful to mention not only the city in which you live, but the borough also. All children up to sixteen years of age may become members. Each member is presented with a silver gray Klub Pin and membership certificate.

COUPON 1,008.

POLLYKIN PAPER DOLL CUT-OUT.

POLLYKIN is a little woodland girl. She is almost as at home in the woodland as Billy Brighteyes and Tip Tail Fox. Roy-Boy and she liked to play that they were Robin Hood and his henchman living in the heart of the green forest in Merrie England. It was great good fun to dress in feathered caps, doublets and hose.

Here they are, the boy and girl of the Woodland Wonder Tales, in school clothes with their woodland play clothes at hand, ready to be put on directly.

DIRECTIONS.

Paste Pollykin, Roy-Boy and their standards on thin cardboard and the costumes on heavy smooth paper. When the paste is dry, cut out Pollykin, Roy-Boy, their clothes and their standards.

If you do not wish Pollykin and Roy-Boy to stand up you need not use the standards, but if you wish them to stand alone, fold the standard along the dotted lines, as indicated, and paste each in the middle of the doll's back.

Rich green and brown were favorite colors with Robin Hood and Little John and yellow dresses are the ones Pollykins likes best. You will like the dolls best, though, if you use your own taste in coloring them.

CUTSIN ELEANOR

Pollykin Paper Doll Cut-Out

